

ALINE.—The blind young boy
Obeys the spell,
Their troth they all have plighted.

CONSTANCE.—Oh, bitter joy; no words can tell
How my poor heart is blighted!

CHORUS.—You very plain old man,
She loves you madly.

CONSTANCE.—I know not why I love him so;
It is enchantment surely.
He's dry and snuffy, deaf and slow,
Ill-tempered, weak and poorly.
He's ugly and absurdly dressed,
And sixty-seven nearly,
He's everything that I detest,
But if the truth must be confess'd,
They'll soon employ a marriage bell,
To say that we're united.
I do confess, in anxious care
My humbled spirit vexes,
And none will bless example rare
Of their beloved Alexis.

CHORUS.—Oh joy, oh joy!
No words can tell
Our state of mind delighted.
For girl and boy a marriage bell,
Will say that we're united,
True happiness reigns everywhere,
And dwells with both the sexes;
All will bless example rare
Of their beloved Alexis.

ALINE.—How joyful they all seem in their new-found happiness. The whole village has paired off in the happiest manner. And yet not a match has been made that the hollow world would not consider ill-advised.

ALEXIS.—But we are wiser—far wiser—than the world. Observe the good that will come of these ill-assorted unions. The wiser wife will check the reckless expenditure of her too frivolous consort—the wealthy husband will shower innumerable bonnets on his peniless bride, and the young and lively spouse will cheer the declining days of her aged partner with comic songs unceasing.